

22 Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, W. C.
London, July 30, 1867.

My dear Johnson:

Ever since the receipt of your welcome letter, I have been intending to send you a reply; but I have been in such a whirl of engagements, and had so many things to attend to, so many notes and epistles to respond to here, so many social and public gatherings to participate in, so many personal calls to make, so many to call upon me, so many "sights" to see, so much travel to go through, &c., &c., that I have been defrauded of a good deal of sleep, as well as very busily occupied. Strange to say, that, notwithstanding all this, my health has very much improved since I left home, so that wherever I go, I am repeatedly told by those whom I met during my visit in 1846, that I do not appear to have grown a day older, and that they "find no change in me" on the score of personal appearance! It is my baldness, however, that looks as young as it is did twenty-one years ago; "only this, and nothing more."

Nevertheless, I am really looking and feeling much better than I did when I left home; and if I receive no pull-back, I shall return very generally improved in "the outer man." My right shoulder still feels very tender and sensitive about the socket, but it causes me no acute pain; and I trust will have suffered no permanent injury by my falls.

I was glad to hear that your meetings at Longwood went off so satisfactorily. Where free speech is allowed, there are so many unbalanced and erratic spirits likely to turn up, that it is unavoidably ever a hazardous "running for luck"; for

"License they mean when they cry liberty."

You will see, by the newspapers I have forwarded to you from time to time, in what a cordial and handsome ^{manner} I have been received in London, Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh and Glasgow. As I have steadily refused to lecture, or to speak at any popular gathering, these breakfasts, tea parties, soirées, &c., have been devised as methods to bring together a considerable number

of representative men and women; but none of them
 have been of my seeking. On the contrary, I
 have studiously sought to avoid all observation,
 and, as far as practicable, to "keep in the quiet,"
 seeking rest and recreation; yet, in spite of all my
 precaution, I have had very little of these, but
 a good deal of excitement and fatigue to encoun-
 ter; for I could not well refuse to receive welcome
 and congratulation in the social, though somewhat
 public manner in which these have been so gener-
 ously extended to me. If I had the weakness to
 aim at conspicuity and securing popular applause
 at this time, there is not a city, town or village
 in the Kingdom that would not readily give me
 a most friendly reception; but I am sure you know
 me too well to suppose that I wish for anything of
 the kind, and can readily imagine how trying it
 has been to me (even prolonged Anti-Slavery mar-
 tyrdom) to receive such an outpouring of panegyric
 for my Anti-Slavery labors, though coming from those
 who mean not to flatter, and whose good opinions
 any man might be proud of.

We (Fanny, Frank and myself) had a charming time in Edinburgh, especially under the roof and at the beautiful residence of our dear friend Elizabeth Pease Nichol. You will see that an extraordinary mark of respect was paid to me by the Lord Provost and Councillors in formally presenting me with "the freedom of the city," for it is seldom bestowed even upon the highest dignitaries. The last one that received it before me was the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred; and the one before him was Lord Palmerston. John Hampden had it conferred on him in his day. Some twenty years ago, George Thompson had the same honor vouchsafed to him — a remarkable coincidence in our Anti-Slavery career, considering that I am American by birth. The tea party given by the Ladies' Emancipation Society was a very enjoyable affair, not less than two hundred persons being present. Mrs. Nichol, during our stay, spared no exertion to show us all that was specially deserving our observation (a great deal) in and around the city, and to make us feel entirely at home.

In Glasgow, also, we had a very warm greeting, and enjoyed the elegant hospitality of Arthur F. Stoddard, Esq., a native of Northampton, Mass., and a nephew of Arthur Tappan, ~~and~~ ^{and once} ~~was~~ a clerk in his store. Our friends, Andrew Paton and William Smeal, were specially attentive to us. Unfortunately, all the time we remained, the weather was very dismal - cold, foggy, dirty, and the rain ~~falling~~ falling more or less heavily; so that we were compelled to come back to London without making the tour of the Highlands. This was a serious disappointment.

We expected to have gone this week to Switzerland, but I have concluded to remain in England until near the time for holding the Anti-Slavery Conference in Paris, the last week in August, and make the Switzerland excursion in September. I shall probably visit Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, &c., there to receive friendly greetings, and with special reference to promoting subscriptions in behalf of the Freedmen's cause.

I have felt the deepest sympathy for your dear wife in her serious illness at Rockledge, and regret to hear that she has not yet recovered her usual health. It is possible that, at this time of writing, she may be at our house, giving her good company to Helen. Wherever she is, convey to her my heartfelt appreciation of her intended kindness in the matter of companionship for wife, and hope they both will be able to pass many ^{pleasant} days together.

It is not probable, now, that I shall sail for home before the 26th of October; and yet, as Harry will not be able to accompany me as she expected, on account of the illness of Mr. Villard's father, it is possible I may do so in September. Mr. V. arrived here last evening from Paris, in order to consult with us about our future movements.

I send this by the hand of a friend, who leaves immediately. With the warmest remembrances to Theodore and wife, Mrs. Savin, &c., I remain,

Yours, most affectionately,
 Oliver Johnson. Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P.S. The person by whom I expected to send this hastily written letter has suddenly left, but I may be able to get it to him at Limerick, en route to New York.

George Thompson is at present taking a little recreation in the neighborhood of Leeds, at the residence of his cousin, Mr. Denisthorpe. He has been very poorly nearly all the time he has been at home, but writes that he is recuperating. Nevertheless, I take very little encouragement from this; for I think his constitution is much shattered, and that he will never be able vigorously to say, "Richard's himself again." His wife is also a good deal broken, and feels the death of Herbert very keenly. What Mr. T. will do, or thinks of doing, for the future, whether to remain on this side of the Atlantic or to return to the United States, I do not know. Here, even if his health were much better than it is, there seems to be nothing that he can do by way of remunerative employment; and I fear that he could do little in the lecturing field, if he should go back to our country. It is very sad.

I am gratified to learn that the Court at Boston has decided in giving the remainder of Francis Jackson's Anti-Slavery bequest exclusively to the Freedmen's cause, because it seems to me the best disposal of the money.

I now and then see a copy of the Independent, and notice the ground that has been taken against it by Rev. Edward H. Beecher and other orthodox clergymen, on the ground that it is not sufficiently sectarian and denominational; but I trust there will be no faltering in its "independent" course, and no fettering its free and earnest spirit in the advocacy of truth and duty as revealed day by day. Has a new opposition journal yet been started at the West?

I also, now and then, see a copy of the Anti-Slavery Standard. The Nation I do not see at all.

It will give me great joy to turn my face homeward as soon as practicable. My thoughts are continually with my dear crippled wife, and I am anxious to be by her side.